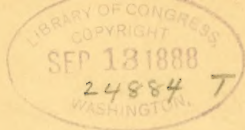


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Qua
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Arthur Hugh Clough

33

Book 10

S. W. T.

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As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping,
side by side,

Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues
apart descried;

When fell the night unsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling
hours they plied;

Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving
side by side.

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year
by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from
soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each
rejoicing steered;
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first
with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! Oh, onward strain!

Brave barks! In light,
in darkness too!

Through tides and winds one compass guides—

To that and your own
selves be true.

But O, blithe breeze! and O, great seas!

Though ne'er — that earliest
parting past, —

On your wide plain they join again,

Together lead them
home at last.

O ne port, methought, alike they sought—

O ne purpose held,
where'er they fare;

O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,

At last, at last,
unite them there !



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